The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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Winter.

PILE up the fire. The winter wind,
Although it nips, is not unkind;
And dark midwinter days can bring
As many pleasures as the spring.

On barn and thatch and leafless tree
The frost has hung embroidery—
Fringes of ice, and pendants fine
Of filagree and crystalline.

The winter is a friend of mine;
His step is light, his eyeballs shine;
His cheek is ruddy as the morn;
He carols like the lark in corn.

His tread is brisk upon the snows;
His pulses gallop as he goes;
He hath a smile upon his lips,
With songs of welcome, jests, and quips.

A charitable soul is he;
His heart is large, his hand is free;
He brings the beggar to his door,
And feeds the needy from his store.

The friend of every living thing—
Old winter, sire of youthful spring;
The glooms upon the brow that dwell
Are glories when we know them well.

'Tis he that feeds the April buds;
'Tis he that clothes the summer woods;
'Tis he makes plump the autumn grain,
And loads with wealth the creaking wain.

Pile up the fire, and ere he go,
Our blessings on his head shall flow—
The hale old Winter, bleak and sear,
The friend and father of the year.

—*Charles Mackay.*

"THE world of Nature
Is wide and fair,
But you never will find
An idler there!"

Shep.

THAT big dog looking so thoughtfully at the little baby, makes me think of our dog Shep; would you like to hear about him? Shep was a big yellowish-brown dog, hardly a year old when he came to us. He was very thin when grandpa sent him to the children, for he had belonged to a very poor man, who had not been able to feed him, so the dear dog had been obliged to pick up his meals, and as he was a noble fellow, and would not steal, he had not fared very well.

Shep loved every one of the children—Carl and Dodo and Dick—but the baby girl was the one he loved most. I wonder if you show your love in the way Shep did? He was glad to do any thing for the one he loved—any thing, no matter how hard. For instance, Shep dearly loved to race about the farm with the boys, or if Dandy, the horse, was in the field, he would frisk about at his heels, and run races with the old horse. But if the baby fell asleep, and there was no one to watch her, Shep would leave his play at my first call, and lie down by the side of the bed, never even snapping a fly lest he should wake the dear little sleeper. Or if he were eating his dinner, and baby crept up and pulled his bone out of his mouth, as she did more than once, he would just wait patiently till some one persuaded her to give it back! One day we had all left the dining-room in a hurry—I think company must have come—and baby and Shep had the place to themselves. Baby felt generous, so she handed Shep a mutton chop, and then, perhaps, she thought had made a mistake, for she took it away, and began to taste it. Now Shep had never barked when the children took his bones away, but it

seemed as if he knew baby shouldn't eat after a dog, for he barked, and then came out and pulled my dress, as he often did if baby was naughty! to be sure I ran in, and gave the little girl another piece of meat. The servant had seen the two, so we know just how Shep behaved.

But one sad day Shep followed me along the track to the post-office. We always tried to shut him up if we went along the railroad, but somehow he had gotten loose. Five minutes later the express train came dashing by, and as it came Shep saw a little dog he often played with running on the track. Before I could stop him he had run to warn his little playmate, and my dear dog was tossed ten feet in the air, and thrown in a ditch! His hip was broken, and for the first time in his life he would not let us touch him, but threatened to bite any one who came near. His master had gone off for a drive, and all I could do was to stand in the water, and pat his poor head—he seemed to like to feel my hand if I did not try to lift him. At last, after two long hours, papa came home, and Shep seemed to know that he could trust him. He brought a blanket, and with the help of another gentleman, who knew our dog well, he lifted Shep in it, and carried him home. Every one said, "Shoot him!" but really I think we loved him almost as much as if he had been our boy instead of our dog. So we had a doctor come, and then we nursed him day and night for two weeks, and very, very slowly Shep recovered, though he was lame ever after. He was very patient, but if the boys began to race or frolic, the poor dog would do his best to join them, screaming with the pain each movement gave him; but I found that if baby sat by him he was contented, so sometimes she would sit by his side for hours, and I would find her little yellow head nestled on his shaggy fur, the two fast asleep together! Shep would wake the minute I stepped near, but he would not even lift his head, but just roll his eyes up, as much as to say, "You see how comfortable she is—we mustn't wake her."

But, as I said, after a long time Shep was able to play about, and to follow the carriage as before. He always wanted to go with us if we went for a ride, but we soon found that he could not go very far, and as he was a big dog, it was not always convenient to take him in the carriage. So we would take care to shut Shep in the house, or tie him up in the barn, but he soon found out how to get the better of us.

"We will drive to Paterson this afternoon," I said one day; "have the carryall ready by four o'clock, and be sure you shut Shep up."

"Yes, ma'am," said our good Fritz, and I thought no more of it. At four o'clock we started off—such a merry party!—the three boys in front, for even Dick could drive our steady Dandy, while mamma, Miss B., and baby sat behind. We drove about two miles when the boys gave a shout: "There's Shep! He's been waiting for us!" The dear old fellow had started off after dinner, and waited for us full two miles away! I suppose he thought by taking part of the journey beforehand he could keep up, but half-way home he began to limp very badly, and even baby was coaxing me to let him in. It was not an easy matter, for the poor fellow could not spring, and had to be pulled up into the carriage. From that day, unless we were careful not to say where we were going, Shep would always steal ahead, and meet us with a joyful bark when safe away from Fritz and the rope.

I suppose you know that a dog is often very fond of a horse? I never saw proof of such friendship until our Dandy was ill. Something had happened to our good horse, and a kind neighbor, whose coachman understood horses, offered to take care of Dandy for a week or two. So one evening the coachman came for Dandy, and we let him go. The next morning Shep was not to be found. We could not think what had happened to him, for nothing would ever persuade him to leave us for more than an hour or two, and he was always in the nursery ready for a romp before breakfast.

"Where can Shep be?" was the cry all that day. The boys went one way and another, but no one had seen our dog, and three tearful boys lay down to sleep that night, every one of them breaking down when Dick prayed that they might find their "dear good dog."

The next morning Carl went to the station with papa, and the first person they met was the gentleman who had so kindly offered to cure Dandy. He lived some distance off, and drove to the station.

"Good-morning," he said, "your horse will come around in time, but the funny thing is how that dog of yours watches to see that we are treating the horse rightly. He won't leave him a moment, so we have to take food out for him. I really think he suspects we've stolen his friend!"

And so it was! Carl came running back to

tell the good news, and then set off to see Shep, but though the dog was delighted to see his young master, nothing would tempt him to leave Dandy, and there he staid till the horse came home!

Now I will not preach you a sermon since you asked for a story, but just think over what I have told you of this one dog's life, and see if you could not improve in some ways by being like him.—*S. S. Advocate.*

For the Myrtle.

When the Elephant Came.

BY EVA WILDER MCGLASSON.

A crocus' golden head each day
Rose sun-like o'er the wicket gate;
And down the white road's dusty way,
Watched two brown eyes with hope elate.
For it was said in every home,
That on a certain day, quite soon,
The great old elephant would come,
To clashing cymbal's rousing tune.

So, for a week or more, his toys
Our little one had thrown aside,
As worthless now to make his joys
Who soon the elephant would ride!
And still one apple, red and gold,
He kept within his dimpled hand,
With which to feed that monarch old
From out the fabled eastern land.

Then fell he sick; his cheeks were flushed,
His eager eyes were over bright.
And all about were accents hushed,
And anxious hearts, and tear-dimmed sight.
So circled hours for which he longed,
The day, alas! that came too late.
Without, the village children thronged;
But none looked o'er the wicket-gate.

The elephant passed by; but he
Who hoped to ride upon him, lay
Upon his couch, all silently;—
For him had dawned another day!

THE word doll means, says one, "a bunch of rags;" very likely, because in olden times they were made of rags. There have been dolls ever since there have been little girls. They have been found in the tombs of Egypt, where they were buried, centuries before Christ, with their little mummy mothers. Greek and Roman girls had their dolls buried with them, so they might set up housekeeping in Elysium, as the Indian had his bow and arrow buried with him so as to commence hunting in the happy land. The beautiful mother-instinct is ever the same.

THE fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

Impossible.

The great general Napoleon Bonaparte, used to say that there was one word which could not be found in the dictionary. It was the word "impossible."

A teacher in a girl's school was one day telling the girls that they could do a great deal more than they knew. Said she, "I can do anything."

"Can you make a clock?" asked one of the girls.

"Yes. If it became necessary for me to make a clock, I would set to work and learn how," replied the teacher.

It is the truth that "all things are possible to him that believeth." If God wants you to do a thing, be sure that you can do it; and never let fear or timidity or indolence turn you out of the way. The way to succeed is to try, and to keep on trying. John Wesley's mother was one day teaching one of her children to read. Her husband, who sat by, said, "My dear, I think you have told that child the same thing twenty times."

"If I had stopped the nineteenth time he would not have known it," was the wise woman's reply.

Never, never say, "It is impossible" about anything that is the right thing to do. A thoroughly earnest boy or girl will find a way to do the best thing, if they will just believe in God, and then go ahead steadily and bravely.—*Sel.*

Forget-Me-Not.

"Grandmother," said little Gretchen, "why do they call this beautiful flower, blue as the sky, growing by this brook, a 'forget-me-not'?"

"My child," said the grandmother, "to this brook I once accompanied your father, who was going on a long journey. He told me that when I saw this little flower I must think of him; and so we have always called it the 'forget-me-not.'"

Said happy little Gretchen. "I have neither parents nor sisters nor friends from whom I have parted. I don't know whom I can think of when I see the 'forget-me-not.'"

"I will tell you," said her grandmother, "some one of whom this flower may remind you—the God who made it. Every flower in the meadow says, 'Remember God;' by every flower in the garden our Creator says to us, 'Forget-me-not.'"—*Sel.*

DON'T forget to let your light shine every day. It is needed all the time.

Owls.

The chief peculiarity of owls is their mode of flying and their quick sense of hearing. Their food being mostly mice and other small animals which easily hide themselves in the ground, great silence and clear sight are necessary, as well as quick hearing. So we find the wing of an owl is provided with feathers so remarkably soft and pliant that in striking the air they make no rushing sound as the feathers of other birds do.

There is something in the strange appearance and silent flight of owls that has made them often feared, and superstitious people have thought them always ominous of evil. But there is hardly a more useful bird anywhere; its

food consists of vermin and insects that would do great harm to the crops; and the farmers ought to be very thankful to the quiet owls who go round the fields in the dark and pounce upon all the mice and insects that would injure the corn.

In an important marine case at Boston, Mr. Choate was examining the mate, Dick Barton. Dick had said the night was "dark as pitch, and raining like seven bells." Suddenly Mr. Choate asked him, "Was there any moon that night?" "Yes, sir, a full moon." "Did you see it?" "Not a mite." "Then how do you know there was a moon?" "Nautical almanac said so." "And now tell me what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator in?" "Sho, you're joking!" "No, sir; I am in earnest, and I desire you to answer me." "I sha'n't." "Ah, you refuse to answer, do you?" "Yes, because I can't." "Indeed! You are chief mate of a clipper ship, and unable to answer so simple a question?" "Yes, 'tis the simplest question I was ever asked in my life. Why I thought every fool of a lawyer knew there ain't no latitude on the equator!"

Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.

For the Myrtle.

The Willing Helper.

There's a way to do everything
Under the sun.
Things may end with success
When they're fairly begun.

If only the ones who are
Doing the work
Will each stand in his place
And be sure not to shirk.

This rule was what Ponto
Had learned in his youth,
And he carried it out
With the vigor of truth.

One day, on some music
His dog-mind was bent,
And this is the way
His assistance was lent.

He said to his master,
Your viol you bring,
And accompany me
In the song that I'll sing.

And we will produce
A sensation complete,
And astonish the people
Who pass down the street.

Now Ponto was right in
His theories then,
For a concert like this
Would attract many men:

And a boy may be sure,
Of the conquest of art
When his dog is so willing
To carry his part. E. M. B.

A Bright Idea.

A baboon had been left in charge of the kitchen while his master went off for a while. On the stove was a pot in which a chicken was boiling. The baboon sat very quietly for some time, but at last his curiosity got the better of him, and he lifted the lid from the pot.

Well, you can guess the rest. The chicken smelled good, so he smelled again; then he took a little taste; then he took another taste; and behold! when Sir Baboon had finished tasting, there were only some bones left.

When he had eaten the chicken up, it seemed to occur to the baboon that his master might be angry when he looked into the empty pot. What to do to avoid the certain punishment that was in store for him was the greedy fellow's great concern now.

He sat in the doorway looking very much cast down, when suddenly a bright idea seemed to strike him, and he hurried quickly but stealthily to a field, not far away, to where a number of crows were feeding. He drew as near to the birds as he could without frightening them, and then, hiding his head, remained as motionless as a log of wood. In a little while the incautious crows approached so close to him that he was able by a quick movement to capture one of them.

In a second he had wrung the crow's neck and was on his way home again. Once there and seeing no signs of his master, he triumphantly tossed his crow, all unplucked, into the pot, and then sat down, quite satisfied that his theft would never be discovered. No doubt it was always a mystery to that baboon how his master discovered that the crow in the pot was not the chicken he had left there.—*Sel.*

It has been observed, with much significance, that every morning we enter on a new day, carrying a still unknown future in its bosom. How stirring the reflection! When we rise in the morning, we may remark: "Thoughts may be born to-day, which will never die; feelings may be awakened to-day, which will never expire; acts may be performed to-day, the consequences of which may be realized during eternity.

For Ambitious Boys.

A boy is something like a piece of iron which in its rough state isn't worth much, nor is it of very much use, but the more processes it is put through the more valuable it becomes. A bar of iron that is only worth $5 in its natural state is worth $12 when it is made into horseshoes, and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made into needles, its value is increased to $350. Made into penknife blades it would be worth $3,000, and into balance springs for watches $250,000. Just think of that, boys, a piece of iron that is comparatively worthless, can be developed into such valuable material.

But the ore has to go through a great deal of hammering and beating, and rolling and pounding, and polishing, and so if you are to become useful and educated men, you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study, the better material you will make. The iron doesn't have to go through half so much to be made into horseshoes as it does to be converted into delicate watch-springs, but think how much less valuable it is. Which would you rather be, horseshoes or watch-springs? It depends on yourselves. You can become whatever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood.—*Sel.*

A Little Child's Faith.

There is something about the child idea of Jesus that is wonderfully real and attractive—as real as the playthings of the little one, but full of intense life. It was a little girl of six, in her cottage home, who met with an accident from which recovery seemed impossible. She seemed to know thet the messenger had come for her, and her daily request was, "Do let me say over all my hymns, that I may know them all correct, and sing them all to Jesus."

"In the porch of the old church at Grasmere, where Wordsworth worshipped, and within whose quiet enclosure this poet of nature sleeps, is this request: 'Whoever thou art that enterest this church, forbear not to put up a brief prayer for the minister and the congregation who worship here; and, above all, forget not to offer a petition for thyself.'"

No one ever lost anything by doing right, Men may frown on you for doing it at the time, but in the end they will have the greatest respect for you.

SELECTIONS FOR A S. S. CONCERT.

Spider's Work.

By study, by art, and by rule,
The wheel of the workman is made ;
But the spider he needs no tool,
And he never learned his trade.
No human model he takes
Of iron, of wood, or of steel ;
No plane, no measures, he makes ;
Yet how perfect his flimsy wheel !
His lines, his circles; his curves,
So regular, yet so unsolved !—
A method that never swerves,
And a knowledge that none have solved.

Long practiced and early taught,
Until habit and skill combine,
The lace-maker's work is wrought
After pattern and fair design ;
But the spider copies none,
As in bush and shrub he traces,
All silver white in the sun,
His wonderful gossamer laces.
No pillow, no loom needs he
For the delicate web he weaves,
Spread out on the breezy tree
Like a veil on the trembling leaves.
A long effort science requires
Ere its cleverest sons are able
To perfect electric wires,
Or to lay a telegraph cable ;
But the spider wins his goal
With an instinct swift and fine,
As from garden pole to pole
He stretches his plastic line.
Can the human artist cope
With the marvelous little elf
That skillfully spins his rope,
And then walks along it himself ?

Man, working by second causes,
Looks only on natural laws :
'Tis well when he sometimes pauses
To remember the Great First Cause.
The wisdom that man attains,
For which mortals must pore and plod,
The insect untutored gains ;
But alike 'tis the gift of God.

The love of God in the heart, is a flower, which in its early bud, is joy, and its full bloom is heaven.

Wanted.

"Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain, and power
Fit to cope with anything—
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones,
That all trouble magnify ;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal ;
Bend your sinews to the task,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill ;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

At the anvil or the farm,
Wheresoever you may be,
From your future efforts, boy,
Comes a nation's destiny."

Ned and Nora.

Ned and Nora sat at home
On a rainy day ;
Ned was sulky, for mamma
Wouldn't let him play
In the garden soft and wet,
With his bat and ball ;
So he hid his sulky face,
Turned it to the wall.

There he thought of foolish things
He would do or be—
Thought he'd run away from home—
Thought he'd go to sea,
And become a sailor great,
Strange lands to discover ;
Or he'd go and drown himself,
Just to spite his mother.

Then his sister Nora came,
Took him by the hand,
Looked him kindly in the face,
Made him understand
What a naughty thing it was
Thus to be so rude,
When mamma had kept him in
Only for his good.

And she brought a book and read—
Read a story true,
Of the sad fate that befell
And old prophet, who
Tried to run away to sea,
But was made to rue it ;
Neddy listened, then he said,
He guessed he wouldn't do it.

"The lip of truth shall be established for ever : but a lying tongue is but for a moment." Proverbs xii. 19.

HARVEST PAGE.

Hidden Seed

251.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 10, 11, 12 is word on the head.
My 8, 7, 6, 6, 11, 4, 5 is weight.
My 15, 18, 13 is a child.
My 9, 18, 11, 25 is a reptile.
My 19, 11, 15 is a name for a cat.
My 20, 21, 23 is what vinegar is kept in.
My 3, 2, 22, 14 is a foppish fellow.
My 3, 16, 17 is the home of a wild beast.
My 1, 11, 6, 24 is a girl's name.
My 22, 18, 17, 24 is finished.
My whole is in the Bible. *Victoria and Agnes.*

252. — ANAGRAM.

Het orLd si ym hepreshd. *E. F. Veazie.*

253. — ENIGMA.

I am composed of 44 letters.
My 2, 39, 25, 5 is the opposite of more.
My 29, 19, 42, 7 is one of the names of the Deity.
My 40, 41, 42, 43, 44 is what we live upon.
My 1, 30, 1, 29, 33 is a sacred book.
My 8, 35, 20 is what we all need.
My 38, 40, 41, 9 is what we do with our ears.
My 4, 35, 31 is wrong.
My 21, 22, 23 is an article.
My 11, 27, 1, 28, 33 is an article of furniture.
My 3, 8, 43 is what we all do.
My 18, 19, 9, 37 is a place of safety.
My 24, 15, 25 is an answer.
My 44, 6 is a pronoun.
My 38, 10, 27, 36 is the opposite of cold.
My 14, 15, 16, 17 is humble.
My 26, 13, 20 is a pronoun. *Agnes.*

254. — DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant: To ask for owing money: More safe: Worn on the hair: A consonant. *S. A. Burt.*

255. — ENIGMA.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 1, 2, 16, 3 is part of a room.
My 16, 15 is the opposite of off.
My 10, 8, 9 is a boy's nickname.
My 6, 13, 17 is worn on the head.
My 6, 4, 5, 6 is the opposite of low.
My 12, 13, 14 is part of the head.
My 11, 13, 17 is the opposite of lean.
My whole is a good motto. *Wilson Howe.*

CONNUDRUMS.

Why is an account-book like a statuary's shop?
Because it's full of figures.

Why is the letter *g* like wisdom? Because it is the beginning of greatness and goodness.

246. — ENIGMA.

He maketh the storm a calm.

247. — ANAGRAM.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men.

248. — DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

For thy mercy is great above the heavens: and thy truth reacheth unto the clouds.

249. — ANAGRAM.

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

250. —ENIGMA.

Learn to labor and to wait.

WINTER EVENING AMUSEMENTS.

RULE OF CONTRARY.

Several players hold a handkerchief extended, when one, passing his finger round and round it says: "Here we go round the rules of contrary, when I say hold fast. let go, and when I say let go, hold fast; therefore I command you all to let go!" (or hold fast).

All who let go pay a forfeit. Of course the game is varied by using other words, as "When I say hold fast, hold fast, when I say let go, let go," and so on. Cry the forfeits afterwards in the usual way.

OUR HARVESTERS.

Miss Ethol Brown, 5; Lewis D. Christie, 3; Mary E. Christie, 3; Bertha John, 3; Lina Frazee, 3; Myrtie Laymon, 3; Hester Dinsmore, 5; Mary R. Bowen, 3; Deborah Homan, 3; Jane Johnson, 5; Bertha John, 6; Lina Frazee, 6; Grace Homsher, 6; Willie G. Metre, 1; Stanley A. Mansfield, 2; Mary Christie, 3.

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